

The Republican.

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THE CRISIS.—No. III.

LIKE the river, swoln and rapid with incessant rain, rising beyond its proper level, and by its accumulated force injuring and dilacerating its dikes, comes on the rolling political storm. Each day brings us intelligence of some fresh act of oppression, and, on the other hand, of some further preparation for hostility. The People of England and Scotland are evidently awakening to a sense of duty. They will no longer suffer themselves to be trampled on, and to become the willing victims of despotism. Preparation for resistance is every where making. Resolutions to that effect are nobly avowed. Already, methinks, I am stunned with the thrilling sound of DEATH or LIBERTY, emanant from thousands in arms, determined to live or die as freemen. The People have discovered, that they are left to themselves to restore their faded liberties, and, like the mind just freed from the shackles of superstition, which derives a double impulse to virtue, truth, and morality, from the hatred it bears its former character, they are determined no longer to be trifled with by looking up to men of property and prosperity, who should have been ever jealous of an infringement on popular rights. Hail! LIBERTY, to thee and thy sister, REASON, alone, will I make my invocation—to ye alone will I raise my altar—to ye alone will I consecrate my children—all other worship than your's sinks into insignificance in my mind. In no other temple than your's shall my feet tread, or my knees be bent! It is the knowledge of ye alone that makes man the superior animal of the creation! It is the possession of your essences that alone raises man above the brute! In the comprehension of those essences there is no mystery—simplicity is your handmaid! The benefits which man derives from ye are real—they are not the shadows to the imagination, which are continually flitting before the mind of the bigot—all are pure, substantial, and beneficial! In your absence man is more miserable than any other part of the creation—he is subject to the caprice and the passions of every ruffian who as-

R. Carlile, Printer, 55, Fleet Street, London.

comes an authority over him! But I feel at present I must leave the hallowed contemplation of your beatitudes and virtues, and turn to the painful and melancholy state of my country and countrymen! Here, at present, I perceive nothing but misery and oppression, with a hope, that it has not so far debased the minds of the People, but that they present the distant cheering prospect of regeneration.

On the one hand, we see Prince and Ministers, Sinecurists and Pensioners, Borough-mongers and Fundholders, Bishops and Parsons, Judges and Lawyers, preaching up the turbulence and disaffection of the "Lower Orders," the necessity of keeping them down by force, and the dreadful effects of what they are all agreed to call blasphemy and sedition. And what do we see opposed to this host—this phalanx of corruption? The People—the whole People—all those who produce any thing, either by their mental or physical exertions, to the necessities of life or the comforts of society. It is truly and literally a war between the industrious bees and the idle and consuming drones. It is a war of intellect with the remains of ignorance and superstition.

Cease not, my countrymen, your efforts to establish the throne of Liberty on the base of Reason. Far better would it be to perish in these efforts, than to live in your present degraded condition. Recollect, that you have nothing but life to lose, on the one hand, whilst, on the other, you struggle for those blessings the possession of which can only render life desirable.

The present moment is the most eventful of any that has occurred since this island became inhabited. We see the Powers who have assumed to themselves the government of the country, one day expressing the peaceable disposition of Foreign Powers to this country; the next we find troops every where moving, ships of war commissioning, and the diabolical system of impressing men to fill them actually put in force in a time of alleged peace. The *renowned* Horse Guards, ever since the fatal 16th of August, practising a new sword exercise, under the tuition of some foreign soldier. Whether all these steps are preparatory to an attempt to crush the rising spirit of freedom in this country, or whether the old trick is to be played off, of going into a foreign war for the purpose of drawing the attention of the People from the object they are now pursuing, remains to be seen: but one thing may be safely predicted, that neither the one or the other will have the desired effect.

The resources of the country cannot meet a foreign war. The danger of our liberties is too deeply impressed on the minds of each of their advocates, to suffer any thing to draw their attention from this all-important object. Should this be the object of all the hostile preparation on the part of the Government, we doubt not of its failure. Is it not probable, that something like a foreign war will be gone into for the purpose of increasing the army at home, and thereby hoping to possess the more efficient means of silencing the complaints of the People? There is a something brooding, which, in the words of the Editor of Moore's Almanack, "we must leave to Time to disclose."

Let us now turn to the internal state of the country. The murders which have been lately committed at Manchester at the instigation of the Magistrates, have rendered the town prominent in the cause both of Despotism and Liberty. Those Magistrates are evidently sensible that their lives are forfeited to the offended laws of the country, and are endeavouring to carry every thing with a high hand whilst they continue to receive the thanks and approbation of the Regent and his Ministers. The Magistracy of Manchester have banished Justice from that town, and hold even common decency in contempt. They study to irritate rather than to allay the outraged feelings of the inhabitants. Captain Nadin, and his banditti of Police, are hourly engaged to plunder and ill-use the peaceable inhabitants; whilst every appeal from those repeated assaults to the Magistrates for redress, is treated by them with derision and insult. This state of things cannot continue long—the very soldiers who are compelled now to act at the discretion of any Police-Officer, must soon become disgusted with their conduct. Every man in Manchester who avows his opinions on the necessity of Reform, should never go unarmed—retaliation is become a duty, and revenge an act of justice.

If we travel further north, we find the same glorious spirit of freedom arising. At Carlisle, and its vicinity, the inhabitants are so impressed with the necessity of a preparation for resistance, that they openly meet and go through the military evolutions, and study military tactics. Their neighbours in Scotland have passed many resolutions expressive of their determination to resist every assault and encroachment on their remaining rights and privileges, and their most strenuous efforts to recover those they have lost. At Birmingham, at a late meeting, we find the inhabitants were prepared and determined to resist an attack that was threat-

ened to be made on them. Let us proceed in this way, and we shall find our opponents and oppressors in a short time defenceless. A determined resistance must now be made to every attempt to abridge or to destroy the few privileges that remain to us, as the only means of placing ourselves in a condition to recover those that are lost. It is become a duty incumbent on every individual to make to-day that preparation for defence and resistance his means will admit of—to-morrow might require his aid and assistance. Paine has justly observed, "that to reason with Despots is throwing reason away, the best of argument is a vigorous preparation."

I turn from this subject to another not less important, namely, the good conduct, the sensible discrimination, and the honest determination of the late Middlesex Grand Jury, in throwing out the bills founded on the vague and contemptible charge of blasphemy and sedition. It is a fine lesson to country Grand Juries—it is a praiseworthy contrast to the conduct of the Lancashire Grand Jury. It is to be hoped, that the latter gentlemen may live to see the new age, that they might receive that punishment the violation of their oaths and the obstruction of the cause of justice merits. The gentlemen who composed the last Middlesex Grand Jury are now reaping the applause and approbation of all good and virtuous men. They have conferred a benefit on their country. Their names should be published, that they might receive that approbation and support they are individually entitled to.

Much depends on the conduct of both Grand and Petit Juries as to the acceleration of the cause of Liberty and Reform. Whilst the corrupt existing authorities are compelled to make the last appeal to a Jury to punish the object of their malicious annoyance—and whilst those Juries are fairly and indiscriminately chosen, we have nothing to fear. Juries are daily becoming more sensible of the necessity and the importance of standing between the malignant arm of Despotism and aspiring Liberty, they are the only protection, in a civil point of view, that England has left. Jurymen, do your duty—suffer not yourselves to be biassed from commercial motives, or intimidated by the threats of injury from the existing authorities. The time is near at hand when your names and conduct will find that approbation and applause, as the names of the Jurymen, who, in spite of threats, fines, and actual imprisonments, pronounced the verdict of not Guilty of sedition, on Penn

and Mead. Who now reads that trial without feeling, and expressing his admiration at the firm, and virtuously obstinate conduct of both defendants, and Jurors, and their execration of the opposite, though obstinate conduct of those who presided as Judges in that Court. Jurors, make this your example, and both yourselves and families, will find a lasting approbation, and an honest pride will result from it, oppression will be banished from the country, and liberty and reason resume their Empire.

R. CARLILE.

To the Editor of the REPUBLICAN.

SIR,

IF you think the following *Acrostic* worthy of a place in the pages of the Republican, you will, by inserting them therein, oblige one, who *really* prizes your invaluable work, and hails it as the morning star of freedom; an opinion, which is held by thousands, as well as by your constant reader,

R. SMITH.

No. 2, Rutland Place, Upper
Thames Street, Sept. 28.

B rave Sons of Albion, sleep ye in this hour?
R ouse! and destruction on your tyrants pour!
I nfernal bloodhounds, now new chains prepare,
T hey spread even now for you the fatal snare.
O ff with your fetters, spurn the slavish yoke,
N ow, now, or never can your chains be broke,
S wift then arise, and give the final stroke.

T ry ev'ry effort—like the whirlwind's force,
O r furious lightning, shape your vengeful course.

A t once resolve, to conquer or to die,
R evenge, revenge, let this like thunder fly,
'M idst your firm ranks, and glorious victory
S hall wait your steps, and England shall be free!

The curiosity of the Public has been excited in consequence of a Gold Snuff-Box, brilliantly set with diamonds, having been presented to the Prince Regent in the Isle of Wight, having three verses from the Bible engraven on it, which if we may believe the reports of the Newspapers, produced something like a feeling and reflection in his mind. I may venture to assert, from probabilities, that it must have been a present from some person who is or has been a friend

of the Regent, and who has sufficient discrimination to perceive the danger he has exposed himself to, as it is not likely that any person holding Republican principles would have put themselves to such an expense. A Gentleman has furnished me with the identical inscription, whose respectability leaves me no room to doubt his veracity; it is a copy of the 25th, 26th, and 27th verse of the 21st chapter of the book of Ezekiel, taken from the book called the Bible, which is one of the most treasonable and seditious books that ever appeared in print, and we hope, that in consequence of the selection that has now been made from it, the Attorney General will feel it his duty to file informations against all the publishers and vendors, and even readers of such a book. Mr. Bellamy, who is preparing a new translation of it, which he dedicates to the Regent by permission, will no doubt make it a new thing, and more consonant to the feelings of Royalty. At least he should do what many translators have done, who have been more modest than the authors of the works, leave a blank to all the obscene, voluptuous, false, scandalous, malicious, and seditious passages, and state that they are not fit for public view and young minds, then Mr. Bellamy will make a very thin and convenient volume of it, to what it is at present. The verses are as follows:—

Ver. 25. "And thou, profane, wicked Prince of Israel, whose day is come, when iniquity shall have an end.

26. "Thus saith the Lord God: Remove the diadem, and take off the crown; this shall not be the same: exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high.

27. "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is,* and I will give it him."

TO MR. CARLILE.

DEAR SIR,

THE gratitude that you are so justly deserving, and will not fail to receive from me, (as well as from every other unprejudiced, honest, and well-disposed person, who has had the benefit of reading your late invaluable publications), is beyond what the most powerful language can possibly express.

But I am exceedingly sorry to find that there are yet a considerable number of those persons who ought, above all things, to testify the greatest gratitude to you, for your unparalleled exertions to rescue them from tyranny and religious slavery; but who,

* The People's.

in return, are only disposed to manifest their malevolence by endeavouring to suppress your publications, and that thereby the majority of the People may be kept ignorant of their birthright, and their very best interests. However, I am inclined to allow, that there may probably be some excuse for this malignant spirit and brutal stupidity still existing among men.

The world has been so long under the baneful influence of superstition, and taught to reverence the errors of fanaticism, that let truth appear in whatever form it may, mankind have so often opposed it with such energy, that the universal good and happiness it will ultimately produce for the human race, has hitherto been but very triflingly felt. The numerous false systems of religion which have been and are now forced upon the different nations of the world, only serve to barbarize the hearts and enslave and stupify the minds of the People; thus their attention is entirely diverted from the real and only object worthy of adoration, (the God of Nature) whose book of revelation and divine instruction (the universe) is ever open, night and day, to be read, and understood, by every intelligent being.

Until I had the good fortune to read those invaluable works of the ever-memorable Thomas Paine, I was like the greatest part of my fellow-countrymen, deluded into the practice of worshipping a man (Jesus Christ) instead of the true God; but I must here confess, that I always felt an innate reluctance to embrace the Christian faith; however, this natural unwillingness to believe was, of course, subdued by that abominable thing, Priestcraft, which alone has been the cause of so much misery in various parts of the globe.

Since I embraced that genial religion, Deism, my heart has been continually telling me, that I have great reason to be sincerely thankful to my Creator for having given me an existence; and I can now worship him with love, sincerity, and delight, and I feel consciously sure, that he is an infinitely just, wise, merciful, and a beneficent God. But while I was under the influence of the Christian religion, I never could, and instead of being thankful for my creation, I had ample reason to execrate the day of my birth and so far from the worship of a real Christian being the service of the true God, and *perfect freedom*, it is, in my opinion, nothing less than complete slavery; this I know from terrific experience.

There are many, I doubt not, who merely profess to be Christians, and may live tolerably happy under such a profession; but there is an inconceivable difference between these and those who endeavour by all possible means to live a life equal to their profession. This life of the real Christian I long strove to live, but I found it was unattainable. Therefore, Sir, as I consider that it is through your instrumentality that I have arrived at such a degree of happiness as I now enjoy, (namely, the emancipation of my mind from those slavish fears inseparably connected with the Chris-

tain religion) I beg that you will accept of my most grateful acknowledgment; at the same time, hoping that the ardent and meritorious desire you have hitherto evinced for the good of mankind may never abate until the rays of Truth reach every British subject;

I remain, dear Sir, your most sincere well-wisher,

J. B. SMITH.

St. Mary's Street, Stamford,
September 26, 1819.

To the Editor of the REPUBLICAN.

SIR,

LAST Sunday morning I had occasion to go to Acton, Middlesex, and having arranged the business upon which I went before 12 o'clock, and being at a loss how to consume my leisure time in a strange place, while dinner was preparing, I strolled into the Gospel shop, commonly called the parish-church. The parson, a very young man, soon after mounted the rostrum, and took his text from St. Paul's 2d Epistle to Timothy, chap. iii. ver. 1, "This know, also, that in the last days perilous times shall come;" he then pulled from his pocket a sermon, enveloped in a black cover, which I soon discovered had been ready cut and dried for him to preach by some time-serving *black locust*. He had not proceeded far before I perceived the contents of the sermon were as black as the cover. However, from the awkwardness and bad oratory of the young parson, it was evident, no doubt, to many present besides myself, that he was the preacher only, and not the composer of the discourse, which was remarkable merely for the gross lies and bitter invectives it contained against a man that I and many thousands in this metropolis esteem as a truly virtuous man, need I say *the immortal Paine*. Indeed, it occurred to me at the moment, whether this sermon had not been manufactured (for it smelt very strong of the shop) of the Society for the Suppression of Reason (I beg pardon) *I mean Vice*, and sent round to the country parsons in a similar way as Lord Sidmouth sends *his circulars to the Magistrates*. The preacher began by telling his hearers, that the words of his text applied to the times when the inspired Christian writers ceased to live and propagate Christianity, which were perilous times, by reason of the attacks the clergy endured from infidels, who accused the black gentry of that day of promoting the Christian faith, more to suit their own sordid interests than for the salvation of mankind. After defending the primitive parsons from sinister views, he proceeded to shew that the present times were not less perilous than those spoken of in the text, for that Infidelity had again reared its head in the works of that great leader

of the French infidels, Thomas Paine, and others his contemporaries of the present day (which, by the bye, I thought was having a slap at you). The infidels in question, he said, were endeavouring not merely to upset our sapient Government, but actually trying to dethrone the Almighty. Had it not been for disturbing the congregation, I certainly should have left my pew, and rid my hearing of such cant and balderdash. He next adverted to Reform, which he admitted was a word of a virtuous meaning, but that it was now used by infidels to cloak their real intentions.

If the logic of this wise-acre is admitted as a truism, what infidels must a certain great Black Suppressing Society be, who are always cloaked with apparent virtue, and whose unceasing efforts are employed in effecting a reform amongst the reformed. On the subject of Reform, however, he concluded, that they who wanted such a thing, whether political or theological, meant nothing less than rebellion. He then introduced much irrelevant matter about the French armies and British navies, and summed up his fulsome sermon by appealing to Locke, Bacon, and other eminent men, to support his perversion of truth and defence of despotism.

Sir, I am one of those who think a political Judge and a political Parson two of the most dangerous character that infest society. And when I see an army of black locusts, whose very subsistence is derived from the vitals of a distressed and starving People, marshal their hypocritical forces in array against the People, and abuse and insult them, and pollute the People's pulpits by becoming the cat's paw of the Ministers, I cannot, as an honest man, suppress the indignation I feel, that a religious vocation should be so shamefully perverted to answer political purposes. To such meddling fellows I would recommend the perusal of the Archbishop of York's Sermon, preached before the Lords, January 30, 1790, page 6, as more appropriate than any thing I can advance in condemnation of clerical interference in State matters. The Archbishop says,

"If, indeed, a preacher should in the pulpit presume to give his judgment about the management of public affairs, or lay down doctrines as from Christ about the forms or models of kingdoms or commonwealths, or to adjust the limits of the prerogative of the Prince, or of the liberties of the subject in our present Government, I say, if a divine should meddle with such matters as these in his sermons, I do not know how he can be excused from the just censure of meddling with things that doth not concern him. This is, indeed, a practising in State matters, and is usurping an office that belongs to another profession, and to men of another character; and I should account it every whit as indecent in a clergyman to take upon him to deal in those points, as it would be for him to determine titles of lands in the pulpit which are in dispute in Westminster Hall."

I am, Sir, your constant reader and admirer,

THOMAS COOKE.

West Street, Soho, Monday Evening,
September 20, 1819.

To the Editor of the REPUBLICAN.

SIR,

J. A. PARRY's Letter in the 4th Number of the *REPUBLICAN*, induces me to trouble you with a few reflections upon *Hereditary Titles*. I condemn them both as injurious and insulting. Their advocates attempt to defend them upon the general principle of the necessity of distinctions, and upon the ground of their utility in our mixed form of Government.

The principle of necessity I admit, but I deny the application of it, and contend that nature has provided all the distinctions necessary for man in a social state by the diversity of genius, intellect, tastes, and propensities she has implanted in the human species—which must, without the unnatural aid of artificial distinctions, be sufficient to produce a degree of subordination in civil and domestic life, requisite for the purpose of “social order.”

Therefore, I consider all artificial distinctions of rank upon general principles as contrary to the laws of nature, and that like other deviations from the plain path of natural justice, they have led to innumerable evils.

With regard to the utility of hereditary distinction, under any form of Government whatever, I hold that a system, the support of which involves the necessity of the existence of hereditary rank, or hereditary offices of any description, or of supporting any set of men out of the purse from whom the public receives no equivalent in any shape, must be radically bad, and calculated to create misery and want, rather than happiness in society.

We all know that the most ancient titles of nobility, were obtained by a set of hired armed cut-throat followers of lawless chieftains, as the price of their services, and modern ones obtained by courtly sycophancy, or a base desertion of popular principles; and even supposing them to have been obtained by the most transcendent merit, they ought not to have descended from the possessors to their heirs! For there cannot be a more monstrous anomaly in civil society than hereditary titles, or hereditary offices. What right can a man have to give my neighbour a patent, by which he and his descendants from generation to generation, are considered as beings of a superior order to me and my descendants?

I agree with you that the “sense of having done a duty, and the private esteem of his fellow-citizens, is all the honour an honest man would wish.” But alas, Mr. Editor, we all know the nature of man too well to be ignorant, that many require rewards of a more gross description than innate consciousness—vanity and ambition must be gratified, and the only question that remains is how to press such propensities into the service of the public so as to render the exertions of their possessors useful instead of hurtful.

This object I conceive, may be obtained by a pure representative

and elective system, in which public virtue and utility should alone be the foundation of civil honours and distinctions, *but conferring no exclusive privileges*—and in which the path to the highest pinnacle of civic honour should be open to every citizen.

The legislative science ought to be kept upon a par with other sciences, and with the advanced state of the public intellect and the spirit of the age. Instead of which, while the inventor and improver of the arts and sciences tending to administer to the luxuries of the great, are rewarded and honoured. Men who endeavour to simplify and improve the noblest of all sciences, that of administering to the happiness and comfort of mankind at large, are persecuted and scouted.

But I perceive I shall be led into a subject foreign to the purport of the address if I continue. I shall therefore at present, take my leave, by assuring you that in offering my mite to the "Temple of Reason," I do not flatter myself that I am making any addition of the least value to your "Treasury of Hints," and shall leave it to your judgment to make what use you please of my reflections, as I do not consider them in point of composition, by any means worthy of a place in your paper.

I am, your well wisher,

THOMAS DOBSON.

22, Ossulston Street, Somers Town,
September 21, 1819.

To the Editor of the REPUBLICAN.

SIR,

I HAVE seen lately advertisements for persons willing to join in companies for the purpose of transporting themselves from the country that gave them birth; and I rejoice at it, as a proof that the vile conclave (that offers the means) finds there is still a lingering hope (even in men ready for such a desperate measure) that our country will regain her rights. That hope is, indeed, most ardent in all reflecting minds; in fact, it is become certain, that our Constitution should be renovated, or completely overturned, for the purpose of erecting another, free from the three great defects of the present—Church Government—Hereditary Privilege—and a too extensive Kingly Power.

Before any of our friends should suffer themselves to be entrapped and enticed to desert all that must be most dear and near to them, I would hope, that they will acquaint themselves with the difficulties and miseries they must necessarily plunge themselves into, and consider, that with persevering energy, we may soon be enabled to regain our rights, and share those blessings which Nature intended equally for all her sons. Let them not suppose, that England has passed the meridian of her prosperity, and idly fear, that she must now decline, for a State, if well governed, should be everlasting. The folly of supposing that nations, like

men, have their periods of infancy, manhood, and decrepitude, is allowed by Burke, who on this point thought most correctly, for countries not being subject to the vicissitudes of nature, as man is, must be of continual duration. We find, that those in which the great events of earlier ages took place, are now in the same natural state as they are described to have been then. The Nile has not refused her periodical assistance. The banks of the Euphrates are not less rich. The climate is not less healthy, nor is the land less fertile than in the prosperous days of Egypt and of Babylon, which are now mere land-marks to the traveller in the scenes of their desolation. The air, the seasons, the earth itself remains unchanged. The face of Nature is without real alteration; man, and man alone, seems to have decayed. He has been lulled by wealth into the apathy of indolence, or worn by oppression into the lassitude of despair. Let us beware, then, of these cankering evils; let us profit by the example of these woeful results of despotism, which are strikingly reflected in the histories of Greece and Rome; let us persevere without any relaxation; let us look forward to no other relief than what our own exertions will reward us with—and we must, and shall succeed.

“ I consider (says an admired writer) that it is a fixed principle of happiness, that we should always prefer the advantages of nature to those of fortune; and never go in search of that at a distance which we may find in our own bosoms.” This sentiment may perhaps recur to the memory of that man who deserts his country, now in the moment of her utmost need; and it will carry with it the bitterest pangs, in some melancholy moment, when in the blank and dreary regions to which he shall have banished himself, he may in anguish reflect, that had he persevered in common with us all, yet but a little longer, he might have spared himself the anxious misery his precarious existence must involve him in, and have slept in peace with his forefathers under that turf which they steeped in their best blood, to render happy and free for such an ungracious posterity. We must be blind, indeed, if we perceive not that the moment is arrived, when the small remnant of our liberties will be totally destroyed, or they will be enlarged to their natural and reasonable extent; that the latter will be the case, we must not flatter ourselves, under the present system of Government. That system is supported solely by the indolence of a portion of the People. Energy is its most dire foe; and to provide fresh matter for our attention, and thus lull us into a fatal security, do they propose emigration. But let us remain firmly at our posts, and prefer rather that our bones should bleach on the plains, which once witnessed the bold freedom of our ancestors, than that they should moulder under an inhospitable soil, to which they can claim no kindred tie.

Every man who would quit his native land to seek a visionary relief, among the barbarous wilds of Africa, contributes his endeavour to rivet the chains of his fellow-countrymen, by withdrawing

that assistance which is due from him; and must deserve the imputation of want of courage to meet the coming struggle, or meet the execration of us all, as a willing tool and victim of those wretches, who seek to depress to the utmost of their power the imperious calls of suffering humanity—and engulph in poverty and distress the great body of the only truly useful classes of society.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. A. PARRY.

Speldhurst Street,
September 20, 1819.

A RECORD OF PERSECUTION,

Dedicated to Lord SIDMOUTH, Goaler-General, Lieutenant of Police, &c. &c.

THE most prominent of all the Local Despots, stands Thomas Flood, the Mayor of Exeter, and as I have taken some notice of this "Worthy," I shall now only add what has transpired since; this I shall do by inserting a letter received from the persecuted individual, as follows:

City Prison, Sept. 16, 1819.

SIR,

The Mayor and Magistrates have now openly declared themselves the enemies of free enquiry, and the liberty of the press. They have thrown off the mask, and appear before the public in their true characters. They have, by threats, extorted from my Sister last week, a promise not to sell for me *any publication whatever*, and all the goods found in the shop they persuaded her to consent to them purchasing, which she did; this was not enough for them, but to aggravate my distress the more while in Prison, they deputed two of their officers to come and inform me of it, and to tender me the money, but I rejected it on such base terms, and sent them back to their employers on the Bench, with my remonstrance against such proceedings. Immediately afterwards they *burnt the whole* of the pamphlets and numbers, before that grand seat of despotism, the Guildhall.

"This morning the Mayor visited the Prison, and sent for me. His Worship, after a little conversation about my sending Mr Cox, (my Solicitor) a note sealed, which he gave me the liberty to do in future, informed me that my trial was to come on the next Sessions, and adverted to the late transaction, when I remonstrated with him against such a rash proceeding as burning the numbers, and observed to him, that I did not know who had ordered them

to be destroyed. He said it was by his own order. I answered that if he had carefully discriminated, he would have found some worthy a place in his library, and that the public would consider it as a rash and daring outrage on the liberty of the press, and an attempt to suppress all free enquiry in this neighbourhood at least. He said he cared not five straws about the public. I observed he might then value the opinion of good men; yes, he replied, that was a different thing, he certainly did. I told him that many good men in the city considered these publications in the light I had represented.

"Was not this act of oppression, an attempt to deprive me of the small assistance I received in Prison from the sale of publications, and an act of injustice to suppress a lawful and meritorious calling, that of a bookseller, which might render me destitute of the means of subsistence hereafter?"

"I am, Sir, your most respectfully,

"JAMES TUCKER."

It appears also that every attempt imaginable has been made to annoy Mr. Tucker, whilst in Prison; a letter addressed to his Solicitor, has come into my hands, which describes the taunts, threats, and insults, he has been exposed to by the gaoler and his fellows. The following is an extract.

"MR. GULLY insisted on seeing your signature, and wanted to see the other inclosed with it, or to know if it was a letter from another Person. I did not satisfy him. In the afternoon, Newman came in accompanied with a man who said he was a keeper of a gaol in Cornwall. I was writing, they came over to the table. Newman took up the Dwarf and said he never saw it before. I shut one piece of writing laying on the table, and did not recollect Carlile's letter, he put down the Dwarf, and after looking over the table, seized the letter. I jumped up, and demanded him to give it to me instantly; as it was a communication from you, and a smart altercation ensued; instead of returning it, he handed it to Gully who was present, asking him if he had seen it. I strongly censured him for opening it, which he did, and read it. Whilst I was speaking to Gully, the other two told me to remember that I was in a prison, and, says the Cornish gaoler, 'You do not know what a prison is.' Newman said if he was Gully he would give me a *topper*. I replied he knew better.

"I knew how far I could go, and what my duty was in prison, and I would take care the keeper should do no more than his duty. The Cornish gaoler said he would allow no Attorney to give a piece of writing to his prisoners, even in his presence, and not allow them to see any one without: any letter that did not please him he burnt successively, until the prisoner wrote one that did. I held a spirited conversation with them. Gully said he would not permit

you to receive from me a note sealed, nor me to see you without he was present in future. I told him you knew your duty better than he could inform you, and I should abide by your directions. This morning I requested of him the wax he had taken from me to seal a letter to you, he denied me and said I should not have it this rose to high words; he threatened to confine me in a dark cell, if I were impertinent. I replied I had not been so, but only demanded my rights, and dared him to do it: he said if I were with the Cornish *Bastille* keeper (I cannot call it any thing else) he would double-iron me, and that he really had served poor Hynes* so in Cornwall, and he took his trial in that manner."

It is with pleasure that we relieve the mind from this disgraceful conduct, by adding that Mr. Tucker was bailed by two respectable tradesmen of the City of Exeter, Mr. John Perkins, and Mr. Thomas Merchant, each in 100l., and himself in 200l. And we hope that the Citizens of Exeter will express their approbation of their conduct, by rendering them every support in the way of business.

The Vice Chancellor of the University of Oxford it appears, has been exercising his malevolence towards the agents for political publications in that city. I shall also give the letter of one of the persecuted individuals, as these cases need no comment nor explanation.

"Oxford Castle, Sept. 7, 1819.

"SIR,

"On Monday, the 30th ult., my Father and I were apprehended and taken before the Vice Chancellor, charged on the oaths of Daniel Taunton, Attorney at law, and John Grant, Fishmonger, (two near neighbours) with selling Sherwin's Register, No. 16, denominated by him, a scandalous, wicked, and seditious libel,

* Hynes, the individual alluded to by the Cornish gaoler, is an inhabitant of Plymouth, who has ever since the appearance of Mr. Cobbett's twopenny Register, employed himself by hawking political pamphlets, and local squibs. The man is considered an eccentric by the inhabitants of Plymouth generally. He has, I believe, been imprisoned three months in some gaol in Devonshire, for the sale of some political pamphlets without licence, and on his liberation, returned to his former employment with an undaunted firmness. He was hawking some political pamphlets in Cornwall, and having provided himself with a hawker's licence, considered that his occupation was innocent and harmless. However, at the last Lent Assizes, he had been arrested for selling Sherwin's Political Register, and it appears was double-ironed, and actually put to the bar in that state. The poor fellow pleaded his hawker's licence, as a justification of his conduct, but this availed him nothing, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

on the Manchester Magistrates, and Yeomanry Cavalry; when my Father, after being five hours in custody, was admitted to bail, and I was committed to the Castle, not wishing to send for my friends to have them interrogated, and insulted, as I observed was the case with my Father's. The People of Oxford are in general so much under the influence of the University, that it is attended with much difficulty to get any one to come forward. My Father, who is in his 72d year, and very infirm, has been discharged from the Clarendon Printing Office, in consequence of the affair, where he had been employed for 35 years past. They have condescended to continue him his pension of five shillings per week, which was granted to him four years ago, with a Proviso that he never more suffers the sale of any political pamphlets under his roof, in consequence of which he must now apply for parochial relief.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"JOHN VINES."

I shall now recur to a case that happened at Deptford on Sunday last. A constable of the name of Crouch enters a public-house, and begins to insult, and even strike the company, one of whom, named Robert Fry, expostulated with him on his improper conduct—when Crouch challenged him with being a Reformer, and a seditious man. Fry replied that he certainly held Republican Principles, and was a well wisher to his country—on this assertion Crouch ventured to take him into custody, and to lock him in the cage. I would recommend his Lordship (Sidmouth) to transfer Crouch to Manchester, as well adapted for an accomplice, and an assistant to Nadin. I cannot finish this article without adverting to the case of Kaye and Saville, who were brought before the *Right* Reverend Mr. Ethelstone, (who read the Riot Act to himself, and set on the Yeomanry Cavalry, on the 16th of August last, to butcher the People) on a charge of being two of those persons who were playing at soldiers, at White Moss, when they were addressed in the following charitable and truly clerical style:

"I believe that you are downright blackguard Reformers. Some of you Reformers ought to be hanged; and some of you are sure to be hanged—the rope is already round your necks; the law has been a great deal too lenient with you. (Addressing the clerk) I will have no bail for this ruffianly crew, unless they have some money."

A few such reverend gentlemen as Mr. Ethelstone, will save us the trouble of endeavouring to annihilate the imposture and superstition they are the supporters of.

R. CARLILE.

R. Carlile, Printer, 55, Fleet Street, London.